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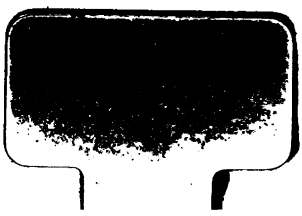

COUSIN TOM.

TOM.—Now to escape,—he scrambles up, Roger enters with a Broom and knocks him down again.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·

MY COUSIN TOM,

A FARCE

IN ONE ACT,

BY FREDERIC ESSENHIGH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. CRACKBRAIN, | Capt. FURY, Rifle Brigade,
Capt. HOLDFAST, R. N. | COUSIN TOM,
ROGER,

WOMEN.

ANNY CRACKBRAIN, | MARY CRACKBRAIN.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING.

LONDON:

Published by the Author, at No. 17, Paris Street, (West,) Stangate, Lambeth.

Printed by T. ROMNEY, 63 & 64, Bridge Road, Lambeth.

1840.

502.

MY COUSIN TOM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Mr. Crackbrain's House.*

Enter Mr. CRACKBRAIN, FANNY, & MARY.

Mr. Crack. Girls, Girls, Girls! you certainly will turn my brain.

Fanny. If it's not turned already, Pa!

Mary. For shame, Fanny!

Mr. Crack. Silence! you forward chits.

Fanny. Lor, Pa!

Mr. Crack. Silence, while I read the letter from your Cousin.

Mary. Is he handsome?

Mr. Crack. As Apollo.

Fanny. Is it possible?

Mr. Crack. To be sure it is, I hardly know which of the two he will choose for his wife.

Mary And when he has made a choice, what then?

Fanny. Why don't you read the letter?

Mr. Crack. Right my dear to remind me of my duty. [*takes a letter from his pocket and reads aloud.*]

My Dear Sir,

I trust before this letter arrives at its destination, I shall have had the pleasure of paying my respects to my charming Cousins.

Your's truly,
THOMAS BATES.

Fanny. Short and sweet.

Mary. I like it much!

Mr. Crack. Isn't it charming? I have been given to understand, by parties that have been visiting the neighbourhood of his estate, that as many as six females have been laid upon a sick bed, and their complaint was love, unrequited by your Cousin.

Fanny. They must have been soft.

Mr. Crack. Very likely they were.

Mary. The softer the thing is the more easy to make an impression.

Enter ROGER.

Roger. Here be a real gentleman below as wants to speak to some of you.

Mr. Crack. How often have I tried to beat it into your stupid skull to speak in a more respectful manner.

Roger. I tells you what it is, I be going to leave your service and that's flat.

Mr. Crack. What fo?

Roger. Because you cant't make half the impression on my skull as what your daughter has on my heart.

Fanny. I declare Roger, you never said such a civil thing in the whole of your life.

Mr. Crack. Impertinent scoundrel! begone, or I'll see which is the hardest, your skull or this chair.

Fanny. Stay.

Roger. No, no, Measter may get another man.

Mary. Introduce the stranger without delay.

Fanny. It may be Cousin Tom.

Mr. Crack. Very likely.

Roger. If it be Cousin Tom, I'll soon shew him up. [*Exit.*

Fanny. Sister, remember Cousin Tom is my husband that is to be.

Mary. I say nay to that, I have as great a right to participate in the good things of this life as you have.

Mr. Crack. Are you quarrelling about which shall have the first choice?

Fanny. I am the first born and therefore come in for the first of every thing.

Mary. Allow me to say, that—that—that—

Mr. Crack. Let me have no quarrelling.

Mary. Isn't it a shame to let her have her own way?

Mr. Crack. When you are married it will not be your fault if you don't have yours.—I know to my cost, your poor mother (Heaven bless her) had her way.

Fanny. Would that she was here.

Mr. Crack. May all good Christians forbid it! I had quite enough of her before she departed.

Enter ROGER, *introducing* COUSIN TOM.

Roger. Here be Cousin Tom!

Mr. Crack. Come to my arms, my noble kinsman.

[*They embrace.*

Tom. My happiness is now complete.

Fanny. What a monster! [*Aside.*

Mary. What a fright! [*Aside.*

Roger. Ha! ha! ha! he'd be a fine man if he was one.

[*Exit.*

Mr. Crack. The pleasure that I feel is beyond expression.

Tom. Ah! believe me, that feeling is reciprocal.

Mary. (To Fanny.) Sister, I wish you joy of your husband.

Fanny. I beg leave to decline the intended honor.

Mr. Crack. These are my daughters; they are as good as the general run of females. How do you like the looks of them?

Tom. Perfect angels! they are in fact, the—the quintessence of angelic beauty. If that don't make a strike why strike me perfect another time! [*Aside.*

Fanny. Is this my Cousin? upon my soul I never thought to have seen such a man.

Tom. I feel most proud of the compliment, proceeding as it does from the most perfect of her sex. If that won't take, strike me ugly if I know what will. [*Aside.*

Mary. He certainly has got the knack of dishing up his pretty sayings in a very superior style; I'll see whether he has any left for me. [*Aside*] Ahem! you look uncommonly well Cousin, that enormous pair of whiskers suits your complexion so well, that I could scarcely discern whether you had a face at all.

Tom. Strike me horrible if she isn't rigging me. [*aside*] the feelings that now agitate this love stricken heart, are so extremely painful that I shall certainly die unless I inhale the dewy breath that escapes from between thy ruby lips, and by that means cure me of all the fears that now convulse my nerves. Strike me tough if that isn't uncommonly tender.

[*Aside.*

Mr. Crack. Retire to your own room myself and your honorable relative wish to confer in private.

Fanny. } Good bye, Tom! [*Exeunt laughing.*
Mary. }

Mr. Crack. Now, Tom, which of them has won your heart?

Tom. Both of them.

Mr. Crack. But the law will not allow you to marry more than one.

Tom. Lor! who said it would.

Mr. Crack. Time proves every thing! let me now conduct you to the apartment fitted up for your reception.

Tom. Strike me warlike! [*aside.*] Lead on, I follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Who would have thought for an instant, that such a queer looking animal was my Cousin. I must give him to Mary. Before I'd have that man for a husband, I'd send for the gardener to mow his whiskers off. Here he comes. I must sing a song, and see what effect it will produce on his stony heart.

Enter TOM.

SONG.—FANNY.

Oh, would that I could love impart!
Or keep the soul in endless bliss!
I'd cleave unto my lover's heart,
And sigh away his balmy kiss.

No mortal then should know the pain
That lover's feel whene'er they part;
No wish should then be sigh'd in vain,
Or anguish felt by any heart.

The earth should be as one bright star,
Illumin'd by fair beauties' eyes,
And strains of music from afar,
Should raise the soul unto the skies.

Oh! that our spirits would rejoice,
When vows, breathing love were given
To those whose eyes and mellow voice,
Might charm our souls to heaven.

Tom. Ah, my charming creature! it has appeared an age since last I had the pleasure of being in your society.

Fanny. Don't you think that you are a very great block-head?

Tom. Strike me senseless if I do! That's cutting sharp with dull edged tools. [*Aside*]

Fanny. I think that you are deficient in some points more immediately connected with the happiness of your after life.

Tom. Why so my duck?

Fanny. Or else you certainly would have seen what an impression your handsome person has made on the hitherto inflexible heart of my sister.

Tom. Are you sure of that? my life!

Fanny. Positive.

Tom. Then am I blest, my diamond!

Fanny. Mary comes this way, improve the time, but remember, not a word of what I have said. [*Exit.*

Tom Strike my looks heart-rending!

Enter MARY.

Mary. I don't know whether you know, but Pa knows what I don't know.

Tom. Strike me putrid, if this isn't incomprehensible! [*Aside*]

And pray my little goddess, what does all this mean?

Mary. I'll tell you, but be sure and keep it as secret as the grave.

Tom. Most decidedly I will. Now for a confession. [*Aside.*

Mary. You arrived here for the express purpose of wedding me or my sister?

Tom. Most unequivocally.

Mary. Don't interrupt me.

Tom. Strike me speechless if I say another word.

Mary. Whenever I look upon you, I cannot help laughing at the wonderful resemblance there is between you, and—

Tom. The statue of Achilles, in Hyde Park. Is it not so?

Mary. It is not in my power to draw a comparison between the two.

Tom. Then what can it be? my precious dear!

Mary. You are so much like a certain animal in the Zoological Gardens, called a—you know what. Excuse my freedom.

Tom. Certainly, we—will let that pass over. Oh, strike me invulnerable to the attacks of this female devil. [*Aside.*

Mary. Don't you think that I speak very blunt?

Tom. Very much of the blunt. Strike me invincible! in a war with such blunt *alias* sharp instruments. [*Aside.*

Mary. My reason for speaking so plain, is—

Tom. Pray don't mention it and I'll thank you.

Mary. But it is quite necessary that you should perfectly understand me.

Tom. I do, I do. Strike me deaf to all her pretty little speeches. [*Aside.*

Mary. But Cousin, if a young Maiden, something like myself, happened to be struck with the symmetry of your form, what would you say to her?

Tom. Bless her heart! I'd say nothing.

Mary. What nothing?

Tom. My heart would be so full of rapture, that I should be struck—struck all of a heap at the sight of her.

Mary. And what would you give, if I just mentioned her name?

Tom. I'd give you myself. Strike me unfeeling, if she refuses that noble offer! [*Aside.*

Mary. You are the last thing that I should crave for.

Tom. Thing! she calls me a thing! Strike me furious, if this isn't beyond bearing! [*Aside.*

Mary. And what is the reason that I take so much interest in your welfare that I do, merely because I want to get rid of you.

Tom. Strike me passionate! was there ever such a tartar? [*Aside.*

Mary. Do you require her name?

Tom. Yes, my pretty tormentor, tell me the name of her that's madly in love with me.

Mary. My sister.

Tom. Astonishing! she said that you loved me.

Mary. Me love you. I shall die, I shall faint, hold me up.

Tom. No don't.

Mary. I will faint if I like, hold me up I say.

Tom. I'm afraid we shall both fall together.

Enter MR. CRACKBRAIN *and* FANNY.

Mr. Crack. I see how it is, ha! ha! you rogue.

Enter ROGER.

Roger. Here be two great fellows below what call themselves officers in the—the—

Mary. Army.

Roger. One wears a Crown and a Anchor on his button.

Fanny. Here's a chance, show them up.

Roger. For wild beasts?

Mary. Introduce them directly.

Roger. Blow me tight! if I don't. [*Exit.*

Mr. Crack. Retire girls, myself and your Cousin will meet these gentlemen alone.

Mary. Who do you think would come to see Tom?

Fanny. Pray let us stay.

Mr. Crack. Retire.

Fanny. Cousin Tom, you're as green as a young cabbage. [*Exit.*

Mary. I'll serve you out for this. [*Exit.*

Mr. Crack. Nephew, I wish to speak to you respecting your settlement in life; have you made up your mind as to which of my daughters your heart has accepted?

Tom. I think Fanny is the girl for me.

Mr. Crack. I thought Mary, would have been your choice?

Tom. She has too much of the spitfire in her composition. I don't like sauce that's over hot.

Mr. Crack. Then it's settled.

Enter ROGER, *introducing Captains* FURY & HOLDFAST.

Roger. Here be Captain Fury and Captain Holdfast, Esquires. [*Exit.*

C. Fury. I beg your pardon for thus intruding, but the fact is, we are—what are we Holdfast?

C. Hold. Officers.

Mr. Crack. And gentlemen I presume.

C. Fury. You certainly cannot doubt our respectability.

Mr. Crack. Not for an instant.

C. Hold. I should hope not.

Mr. Crack. I presume Gentlemen, you have some motive in thus condescending to honor my residence with your presence?

C. Fury. That is the very thing that I was going to mention, wasn't I, Holdfast?

C. Hold. Certainly.

C. Fury. Who is this gentleman? [*turning to Tom.*

Tom. Thomas Bates, Esq. of Pickleberry Hall, Essex, at your service.

C. Fury. Then oblige me by quitting this apartment, as my business is of consequence to this old man and it is of no consequence to you.

Tom. Strike me sour, if this isn't curious! [*Aside.*

[*Exit.*

Mr. Crack. Now we are alone you can proceed.

C. Fury. It is such a touching concern.

C. Hold. Very touching indeed.

Mr. Crack. Really gentlemen, I must say that it's a great—

C. Fury. I knew you had a heart.

C. Hold. And one that can pity the infirmities of mankind.

Mr. Crack. What on earth do you mean?

C. Fury. My dear sir, don't alarm yourself unnecessarily, but you had a son?

Mr. Crack. There must be some mistake here. Do you know who I am?

C. *Fury.* Who should it be but that universal friend to mankind, Mister—what's his name, Holdfast?

[*Aside to Holdfast.*

C. *Hold.* I think it's Blockhead.

C. *Fury.* Mister Blockhead.

Mr. Crack. I am not mistaken in my conjecture; you are wrong, decidedly wrong, my name is Crackbrain.

C. *Fury.* Confound my stupid head,

C. *Hold.* That's the name! and a very pretty name.

C. *Fury.* You once had a brother?

Mr. Crack. I had not.

C. *Hold.* Hard-a-port with your helm, and try him on the feminine tack.

C. Fury. But you had a wife?

Mr. Crack. I had.

C. Hold. That's an acknowledgment. [*Aside.*

C. Fury. And she was everything that a fond husband could admire?

Mr. Crack. No such thing! Tell me what you want? Damn it, I'll not be tormented in this manner.

C. Hold. Steady your helm.

C. Fury. My dear sir, allow us to remain alone for one half hour, and by that time our agitated spirits will be at rest and then you shall know all.

C. Hold. All and every thing shall you know.

Mr. Crack. I yield to stern necessity, but at the expiration of that time, I shall expect you will justify yourselves in my eyes for thus intruding. [*Exit*

C. Fury. What shall we do?

C. Hold. Don't ask me. It's all your fault.

C. Fury. As we have ventured thus far, after girls that we have never seen, it is but right to go on, so I'll e'en let chance direct me.

C. Hold. Suppose that old Innkeeper told us a lie, and this old Crackbrain has no daughters, what then?

C. Fury. We'll soon find out.

C. Hold. They may be ugly?

C. Fury. Then they will not be handsome.

C. Hold. I should like to have a wife with a good figure head, a gentle swell about the forecastle, a clean cut midship, and a regular run, fore and aft.

C. Fury. I presume that to be a nautical mode of describing a wife; but believe me, Holdfast, the girl that I adore, must be adorned with that celebrated cure for debt, commonly known by the name of money; she may be as ugly as sin, only let her have the needful.

C. Hold. But if she has beauty and wealth combined?

C. Fury. That would be another thing.

C. Hold. You would not object to one of that description?

C. Fury. Object! when did you ever know me refuse anything in the shape of woman, with a gold bag dangling at her side?

C. Hold. That must have been before my time.

C. Fury. Here comes Mister Pickleberry-hall. Isn't that a fine name?

Enter TOM.

Tom. Is my presence considered an intrusion?

C. Fury. Certainly not.

C. Hold. Are you a relative of that old gentleman?

C. Fury. Have the kindness to answer that question.

Tom Strike me silly if I do! [*Aside*] Why no—that is—I don't think I am.

C. Fury. I'll have a throw for the girls now I have ventured so far. [*Aside.*] You are no relative?

Tom. Here's pumping, but the well is deep. [*aside.*] I can't say that I am.

C. Fury. Then what business have you here?

C. Hold. Ah! what business!

Tom. Of what consequence is it to either of you?

C. Fury. Fire and fury! what do you mean by such language?

Tom. What I say.

C. Hold. Blood and thunder! do I live to hear it? draw and defend yourself. [*Fury and Holdfast draw their swords.*

Tom, Strike me courageous!

C. Fury. Stand up and let me run you through like a man.

Tom. Are you going to murder me?

C. Hold. Where's a washing tub to catch his blood?

Tom. Put it off till after dinner, there is nothing like doing business with a full stomach.

C. Fury. My honor calls aloud for vengeance. [*He makes a pass.*

Tom. My dear friend—

C. Fury. D—m your friendship!

Tom. With all my heart.

C. Hold. This quarrel is mine, and it is my duty to punish the man that dares doubt my honor.

Tom. I never doubted it for an instant, quite the contrary.

C. Hold. Silence!

Tom. Let me go.

C. Fury. Stand still!

Tom. If I do but once get clear of these ranters, strike me torpid if they get me again. [*Aside.*

C. Fury. The only way to heal our wounded honor, is to place him between us and make him a target for our swords to pass through.

C. Hold. Delightful idea!

Tom. Dear, dear, did any body see such blood thirsty villains? [*aside.*] allow me to say, that your swords would be hard of digestion, and strike me stupid if I relish the thought of them

C. Fury. Take your position.

C. Hold. Are you quite ready?

Tom. Strike me angry if I am!

C. Fury. Thrice shall be the signal.

C. Hold. One.

C. Fury. Two.

C. Hold. Three. [*Tom falls and they tumble over him.*

Tom. Murder! fire! rape! robbery!

C. Fury. What a blessing it is that when a man is not able to stand upright he can lie down!

C. Hold My timbers are so shaken that it will take a twelvemonth's caulking before I put to sea again.

Tom. Now to escape. [*He scrambles up, Roger enters with a broom and knocks him down again.*

Roger. I've got thee now, Measter, here he be!

Enter CRACKBRAIN.

Mr. Crack. What's the matter?

Tom. My poor whiskers!
Mr Crack. Is that my Nephew!
Tom. All that is left of him.

Enter FANNY *and* MARY.

Fanny. Cousin Tom, I told you before how it would be.
Tom. And is this all the consolation that I am to have.
Mary. Poor Tom! how I pity him. Who was it knocked you down?
Roger. I thought he was a bear.
Tom. Strike me bandy! but
Roger. That's needless.
Mr. Crack. How do you feel?
Tom. I feel that I shall be better presently.
Mr. Crack. Roger, support him on the other side?
Tom. Throw the broom away first.
Roger. There it goes, and now we'll go [*They lead him off.*
C. *Fury.* Holdfast, do you not know those lovely creatures?
C. *Hold.* I think I do. Can I believe my eyes?
C. *Fury.* I think you may.
C. *Hold.* Are they not alike—
C. *Fury.* Celestial spirits! tell me whence thy beauteous [*Coughs.*
Fanny. We do not belong to the celestial world, we are mortals the same as you are.
C. *Hold.* That's uncommonly pretty!
Mary. We are the—
C. *Fury.* I know, don't you recollect seeing two lovely creatures at Lady Thingembob's ball?
C. *Hold.* The very same.
Mary. I'm sure we are not!
C. *Fury.* Would you be so condescending as to mention your names!
Fanny. We are the daughters of Mr. Crackbrain, our names are Fanny and Mary.
C. *Fury.* And I Captain Fury, Rifle Brigade
C. *Hold.* And I am—
C. *Fury.* Captain Holdfast smells of tar.
Mary. I thought he smelt like fury.
C. *Hold.* I thank you for taking my part, and if it will not be considered presuming, I will lay my life and fortune at your feet, trusting you will not reject them.
Mary. I am quite prepared, that's your answer.
C. *Fury.* Dear Fanny, look upon me with those starry eyes beaming with love, and I will give you the greatest blessing that you can have on this earth, and that blessing is myself. If she refuses me after that she'll die an old maid. [*Aside.*
Mary. Suppose Pa makes an obstacle, what shall we do.
C. *Fury.* We are used to surmount such obstacles.
Fanny. Cousin Tom, whose head Roger has just split, intends to honor one of us with his hand.

Enter TOM *unperceived.*

C. *Hold.* But you will never accept such an extraordinary looking animal?

Mary. Pa ought never to have sent for the savage!

Fanny. Leave it to me and my sister; and we'll frighten him to give his consent.

C *Fury.* If your plot is not successful, hope will flee for ever.

C. *Hold.* I'll let go my anchor on the sound bottom of love, and if that fails my happiness is wrecked for ever.

Mary. If the form of man dwells within the heart of woman, it is not in the power of mortal to tear the image from its resting place.

Fanny. Adieu! keep up your spirits, and the campaign of love shall end in a glorious victory over mammon.

C. *Hold.* Remember, the watch-word is love and victory! [*Exit.*

C. *Fury.* Farewell, but not for ever. [*Exit.*

Mary. I wish I was married and out of my misery. [*Exit.*

Tom. So my love is scorned.

Fanny. Thy love?

Tom. Ah! my love. What's it like?

SONG.—FANNY.

Thy love is like the silver dew,
That sparkling lies upon the grass,
'Twill last as long, though bright to view,
When dying hope away would pass;
Oh! then my tender heart would mourn,
To see thee with another fair,
When thou hadst like a lover sworn
To wed me, if I heard thy pray'r.

But thou canst not deceive my eyes,
For love thou knowest but by name,
And did I yield unto thy sighs,
Too soon I should repent the same;
Oh! then despair would pierce my heart,
And keep my soul in constant fear,
For like man's life thy love would part,
Without a sigh, without a tear. [*Exit.*

Enter ROGER.

Tom. Very pretty, but her sister called me a savage, hav I the appearance of one? Roger, what do I look like?

Roger. Nothing mortal!

Tom. Then what am I like?

Roger. I'm blest if I know?

Tom. [*Gives him a coin.*] Take that then, according to your account I must be something out of the common way?

Roger. Very much out of the common way.

Tom. Are you single?

Roger. Have I the looks of any thing double?

Tom. I can't say you have.

Roger. Then I'm not like you.

Tom. Do you mean to insinuate that I have any thing double about me?

Roger. I do.

Tom. Where? how?

Roger. Them whiskers are double the size of any other man's.

Tom. You're a blockhead.

Roger. Tell me something new. [*Exit.*

Enter Mr. CRACKBRAIN.

Mr. Crack. Nephew, your marriage must take place immediately.

Tom. I'd rather be excused.

Mr. Crack. What do you say? Am I awake?

Tom. I am and that is quite sufficient.

Mr. Crack. Do you dare refuse the hand of a Crackbrain?

Tom. After what has passed, I should think I was cracked if I did.

Mr. Crack What a viper!

Tom. Strike me bashful if I am!

Mr. Crack. Get out of my sight lest I do you some injury.

Tom. Listen to reason.

Mr. Crack. I'll listen to nothing but revenge.

Tom. Strike me sensible! what a stupid I must be to talk of reason to a man, and that man, Crackbrain.

Mr. Crack. Quit my house instantly; begone! and never let me see that ugly physiognomy again.

Tom. Ugly! I wish you could see yourself.

Mr. Crack. Was there ever such a devil upon the face of the earth?

Enter MARY *and* FANNY, *disguised as Midshipmen.*

Mary. What cheer my hearties.

Fanny. Is your name Crackbrain?

Mr. Crack. Yes, it is.

Mary. Who is this fellow? [*Turning to* Tom.

Tom. Fellow! I never belonged to any society except comical fellows.

Fanny. You seem to be an odd fellow.

Mr. Crack. Gentlemen, if you do but rid the house of that fellow, you shall have what you like, you shall marry my daughters.

Mary. That would be a queer thing to do. [*Aside.*

Fanny. Come my hearty, bout ship and toddle.

Tom. Toddle, that's out of the reach of my noddle.

Mary. Stand where you are for the present.

Tom. I say young slim and easy, take my advice, leave his daughters alone, or else certain persons, (to use a Nautical phrase,) will be athwart your hawse.

Enter FURY *and* HOLDFAST.

Mary. Are you speaking of these gentlemen?

Tom. I am.

Fanny. Methinks, if our worthy host's daughters were to see our godlike forms, they would never cast a glance upon mortal afterwards.

C. *Fury.* Here's a bantam cock for you. [*Aside.*

C. *Hold.* And pray young gentlemen to what ship do you belong?

Fanny. The—the—but that's of no consequence to you.

C. *Hold.* You shall find that it is of consequence. I ask you again, what ship?

Mary. The—

C. *Fury.* Well that is a short name.

C. *Hold.* Excuse me if I think that you never were at sea in your life.

Fanny. We sailed in the Thunderblast. What do you think of that?

Tom. What a horrid name.

Mary. And therefore you thought a lie. Excuse my flattery.

C. *Hold.* This to me, you shall die for it.

Mary. I defy thee to mortal combat, or else I will brand you as a coward throughout the world.

Tom. What a scorpion.

Mr. Crack. I'll have no fighting in my house.

C. *Fury.* I smell a rat. [*Aside to Holdfast.*

C. *Hold.* By Neptune it is! I'll carry on the joke. [*Aside.*] I am very sorry for your sakes, that you have not learnt the respect due to a superior officer; and according to the rules of our service, the language made use of by you, is punishable by death; therefore you must die.

Fanny. Die! I should like to know what for?

Mary. Don't you think the co-lo-ur on th-e g-all-ant C-apt-ain's co-un-te-nance ch-an-ges?

Fanny. N-o I d-o n-ot.

Enter ROGER.

C. *Hold.* Roger, go to the Inn opposite, and tell my servant to send a file of marines here as quick as possible.

Roger. That's what I will. [*Exit.*

Mr. Crack. Are you going to shoot them?

C. *Hold.* The marines will.

Tom. Do you know where you'll go to for this?

C. *Fury.* I have a piece of steel at your service.

Tom. The sight is enough to send me into a decline.

Mr. Crack. Show them mercy, consider their youth and inexperience.

C. *Hold.* There is but one thing can save them.

Mr. Crack. What is it?

C. *Fury.* We came to make proposals for your daughters?

Mr. Crack. You shall have them providing they agree.

Fanny. They'll agree.

Mary. I'm sure Mary would for one !

C. *Hold.* On that condition alone shall their lives be spared.

Mr. Crack. They are yours. Fanny, Mary, where are you ?

Fanny. Here I am.

Mary. And so am I.

Mr. *Crack.* What you, and you, how dare you serve me such a trick ?

Tom. Strike me happy ! if this is'nt a rum set out !

Fanny. Remember your promise ?

C. *Hold.* Do not forget your's.

Mr. *Crack.* Poor Tom !

Tom. Never mind me ; the savage stupid animal will forego his own pleasures to secure those of his numerous friends around him ; and if they will but smile at the humble efforts made to excite their laughter, we shall be more than amply rewarded.

C. *Fury.* If the sparkling eyes and happy faces that I now see before me, is any criterion to go by, I am quite certain I shall be made welcome to-morrow evening, as the relative of—

Mary. My Cousin Tom.

THE END.

T. Romney, Printer, Bridge Road, Lambeth.